

## dollhouse by lunarstozier

**Series:** [bittersweet tragedy](#). [1]

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism, Based on a Melanie Martinez Song, I'm Sorry, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, M/M, Melanie Martinez References, No Dialogue, Other, Reddie but its not that important to the story tbh, Richie Tozier is a Mess, Richie Tozier is angsty as fuckkkkk, Richie Tozier's parents sucksss, Richie Tozier-centric, Sad Richie Tozier, Self-Esteem Issues, Self-Hatred, Shitty Writing, This is based of the crybaby album by melanie martinez bc fuck u thats why, This turned out angsty as fuck, like it kinda is but not really, richie tozier loves rock music bc same, why am i putting my boy through this pain

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier's Parents

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2019-11-30

**Updated:** 2019-11-30

**Packaged:** 2019-12-19 02:12:27

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,185

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

i see things that nobody else sees.

it au based of dollhouse by melanie martinez

# dollhouse

## Author's Note:

hi, thanks for checking this out lmaoo

uhm so before u start reading,

1. this turned out angsty as fuck I'm sorry-
2. my writing is shitty, and this is my first time writing in english, and i haven't written anything since last year so it has been a while yk
3. there's gonna be a fuck ton of references to the crybaby album (obviously)
4. this kinda sucks I'm sorry

A dollhouse.

That's how Richie Tozier would describe his life. A fuckin' dollhouse. Always hiding behind his endless, shitty mom-jokes and that shit eating grin that everyone knew so well.

But, as soon as no one was watching, that wallpaper wasn't as bright and glistening as you may think. In reality, it wasn't bright at all. With his mom always passed out on the living room couch, his dad always sleepin' around with some new silicone assed woman every week, life wasn't as fun as he made it out to be.

But no one knew about that of course. He didn't want anyone to find out, to find out how fuckin' miserable his life was.

So he just kept on with doing his stupid jokes, flashing everyone a smile to signalize that he was happy. But it was all a big fuckin' facade, and he knew it himself. He also knew that he couldn't keep his wallpaper forever. It was going to fall someday. But that day wasn't going to be today. Not tomorrow, not ever if he had to choose himself.

Because what would his friends do? He didn't want them to feel bad

for him. He didn't want them to feel like they had to make sure he was okay everyday. He didn't want to be a burden for them. He didn't want them to see what went down in the kitchen when no one was watching.

These thoughts went through the head of Richard Tozier as he slowly made his way home from school, his favourite rock music blasting in his headphones as he walked home. He had always loved music, especially rock music. Bands like AC/DC, Metallica, Guns N Roses and Slayer would constantly be playing in the raven haired boy's headphones.

Guns N Roses, his new favourite band, was blasting in his headphones as the boy got closer to his house. The fuckin' dollhouse that he always dreaded to get back to.

He already knew what to expect when he got home, the familiar smell of alcohol hitting him as soon as he walked in, followed by finding his mom passed out on the couch. If he was lucky, his dad wouldn't be home, and if he was even more lucky, he wouldn't even come home today. Because, every once in a while, he would hit up some stupid old slut and stay at their place for the night, which was what he was currently hoping for.

His energy was completely drained. After a long day of school, constantly trying to make everyone laugh, even though he knew he was just an annoying fuck, and not to mention, the bullies, he was really not in the mood for his dealing with his dad. His words breaking through the air right into his mind, words that would be stuck with him forever. Hearing how fucking annoying he is, how he's a disappointment and a disgrace to his family he is, how he's a disgusting faggot, is not necessarily good for his mental health to hear everyday. Because after a while, you start believing those words too.

He walks down his street, getting closer to the nightmare of a house with every step. With the sun just barely shining through the grey clouds covering the sky, and the brown and orange leaves falling off the trees, the cold fall weather was slowly making its way back again.

"She's got a smile that it seems to me, reminds me of childhood memories, where everything was as fresh as the bright blue sky" Axl

Rose's voice sang loudly into his ears. Fuckin' bullshit. Shit wasn't fucking bright, not right now at least. He's not sure if it will ever be. Maybe when he moves out, he'll move away, start a whole new life in a different state. He could go to college for music, he thinks. Music has always been his passion, he even managed to save up for his own guitar last year. It sure as hell isn't the best guitar in the world, but it's something and he adores it.

He could definitely see himself working with music in the future, maybe he'll play in a band, be like Slash or Kirk Hammett. It was a long way to go, and a fuck ton of practise. But you can always imagine, you can always dream.

He's now outside of his house. He takes a deep breath and walks in, and as usual, the smell of alcohol that has grown so familiar hits him. Luckily, his dad wasn't home, not what he could see at least.

The curly haired boy kicked off his shoes, and lazily tossed them to the side of the hallway. He didn't even bother locking for a snack in the fridge. It's always fucking empty anyway. The stairs creaked as he made his way up to his room.

With walls covered in band posters, clothes scattered all across the floor and an unmade bed, he felt like home. His room was the only place in his house where he really felt comfortable. Any other place just reminded him of- well, his family.

As his mind got filled with Freddie Mercury's voice in Good Old-Fashioned Lover Boy, he gazed out of his window thinking about whatever came to his mind. How he and Beverly had laughed during the entire lunch break about how freaking ridiculous Greta Keene, the bitch of the year, and her little bitch gang looked like as they strutted down the hallway with their puffed-up hair and permanent curls. Richie Tozier didn't need to permanent curl his hair, it was already a fucking wild curly mess that he gave up on making look good years ago. He'd just simply try to brush it without making it look more ridiculous than it already is, and just leave it like that. In that moment, he was genuinely happy. His friends always made him happy.

Bill had also pointed out how he looked sad when they went home

from school, moments like these weren't uncommon, but they still startled him every single time. He didn't want them to find out how much he actually hated going home. Actually, school wasn't too bad. He was a smart kid, he could get good grades without putting in too much effort. Classes weren't too hard, and just sitting in the back, listening to Queen while doodling in his notebook wasn't that boring either.

Unlike coming home from school, being met by his dad, earning a slap or two for not doing the dishes, or some other stupid thing, just to find his mom either drunk as fuck, or passed out with a bottle of wine in her hand.

But, no one can know about that. Because to everyone, they're just a picture perfect family. They just couldn't look through the curtains. Everything would be ruined, their perfect wallpaper they had built up would be destroyed. The beautiful, glistening wallpaper that has been held up for as long as he can remember. Not that it was hard to pretend, no one ever listened.